

# G A R L A N D

Containing several excellent

## NEW SONGS.

1. Every Inch a Sailor.
2. William at Eve.
3. Say, Bonny Lass.
4. The Flowing Can.
5. The Wim Built Wherry.
6. Fair Widow are ye walking.



Licensed and entered according to Order.



## Every Inch a Sailor.

*A favourite S E A SONG.*

THE wind blew hard, the sea ran high,  
The dingy scud drew cross the sky;  
All was safe stow'd, the bowl was hung,  
When careless thus, Ned Haulyard sung.

A sailor's life's the life for me,  
He takes his duty merrily  
If winds can whistle he can sing,  
Still faithful to his friend and King,  
He gets below'd by all the ship,  
And toasts his girl, and drink his flip.

Down topsails, lads, the gale comes on,  
To strike top-gallant-yards they run;  
And now to hand the sail prepar'd,  
Ned cheerful sings upon the yard.

A sailor's life's, &c.

A leak, a leak, come, lads, be hold,  
There's five feet water in the hold;  
Eager on deck see Haulyard jump,  
And hark while we're over the pump.

A sailor's life's, &c.

And

And see the vessel nought can save,  
She strikes and finds a watry grave,  
Yet Ned preserv'd with a few more,  
Sings as he treads a foreign shore.

A sailor's life's, &c

And yet unnumber'd perils past,  
On land as well as sea at last ;  
In tatters to his Poll at home,  
See honest Haulyard singing come.

A sailor's life's, &c.

But to poor Haulyard what disgrace,  
Poll swears she never saw his face ;  
He —— her for a faithless she,  
And singing goes again to sea.

A sailor's life's, &c.

### *William at Eve.*

WHEN William at eve meets me down by the stile,  
How sweet is the nightingale's song,  
I confess without bushing I hear him complain,  
And believe every word of his song,  
You know not how sweet 'tis to love the dear swain,  
While the moon plays yon branches among.

How fair do I wish to chase sunshine away,  
Ye moments how slowly ye move,  
Give place envious day-light, haste evening along,  
I'm to meet the sweet lad that I love;  
O joy past expressing, to hear the dear swain,  
While the moon plays yon branches among.

From

From the stile as we walk'd to yon neighbouring grove  
 The swain his love passion he preis'd,  
 He said, my dear charmer to church let's repair,  
 Your hand it will e'er make me blest,  
 How could I refuse the dear swain his soft boon,  
 While the moon plays yon branches among.

*Say, Bonny Lass.*

**S**AY, Bonny lass, will you lie in a barrack ?  
 Will you marry a Soldier and carry his wallet ?  
 O yes I will do it and think nothing of it,  
 A Soldier I'll marry and carry his wallet.

But how would you part with your daddy and mammy,  
 Who kindly supports you and tenderly cheers you ?  
 I'll neither take leave of my daddy nor mammy,  
 But I will away with my Soldier laddy.

Say, bonny lass, will you go a campaigning,  
 And bear all the hardships of battle and famine ?  
 When bleeding, and fainting, O will you draw near me,  
 Will you nurse your poor Soldier, and tenderly cheer me ?

O yes I'll go through all the hardships, you mention,  
 And ten thousand more if you have th' invention,  
 Neither battle, nor famine, nor wars shall alarm me,  
 Whilst I have my Soldier, my dearest, to charm me.

O bonny lass, in the heat of the battle,  
 When men lay a bleeding and cannons do rattle,  
 While your soldier with enemies fierce is assailed,  
 Your heart that's most tender, O sure it will fail you,

Not so, no such danger shall ever affright me,  
 To follow my soldier shall ever delight me,  
 In battle's fierce conflict I'll closely attend him,  
 And cheerfully venture my life to defend him.

The

*The Flowing Cann.*

A Sailor's life's a life of woe,  
 He works now late now early,  
 Now up and down, now to and fro,  
 What then he takes it cheerly:  
 Blest with a smiling cann of grog,  
 If duty call  
 Stand, rise, or fall,  
 To fate's last verge he'll jog,  
 The cadge to weigh,  
 The sheets belay,  
 He does it with a wish  
 To heave the lead  
 Or to cat head  
 The pond'rous anchor fish:  
 For while the grog goes round,  
 All sense of danger drown'd,  
 We despise it to a man.

**C H O R U S.**

We sing a little, and laugh a little,  
 And work a little, and swear a little,  
 And fiddle a little, and foot it a little,  
 And swig the flowing cann.

**if**

If howling winds and roaring seas  
 Give proof of coming danger,  
 We view the storm, our hearts at ease,  
 For Jack's to fear a stranger ;  
 Blest with the smiling grog, we fly,  
 Where now below  
 We headlong go,  
 Now rise on mountains high ;  
 Spight of the gale,  
 We hand the sail,  
 Or take the needful reef ;  
 Or man the deck  
 To clear some wreck,  
 To give the ship relief ;  
 Though perils threat around,  
 All sense of danger drown'd,  
 We despise it to a man.

We sing a little, &c.

But you think not our fate is hard,  
 Though storms at sea thus treat us,  
 For coming home, a sweet reward,  
 With smiles our sweethearts greet us !  
 Now too the friendly grog we quaff,  
 Our am'rous toast,  
 Her we love most,  
 And gaily sing and laugh :

The

The sails we furl,  
 Then for each girl  
 The petticoat display ;  
 The deck we clear,  
 Then three-times cheer,  
 As we their charms survey ;  
 And then the grog goes round,  
 All sense of danger drown'd,  
 We despise it to a man.  
 We sing a little, &c.

*The Trim-built Wherry.*

THEN farewell my trim-built Wherry ;  
 Oars, and coat, and badge farewell ;  
 Never more at Chelsea Ferry,  
 Shall your Thomas take a spell.

But to hope and peace a stranger,  
 In the battle's heat I'll go,  
 There, expos'd to every danger,  
 Some kind ball may lay me low.

Then may hap when homewards steer ing,  
 With the news my mes-mates come ;  
 Even you the story hearing,  
 With a sigh will cry, poor Tom !

Fair



## Fair Widow are ye Waking.

O Wha's that at my chamber door,  
Fair Widow, are ye waking?  
Auld carle you're suit give o'er,  
Your love lies a' in rawking,  
Give me the lad that's young and tight,  
Sweet like an April meadow;  
T'sic as he can bless the fight,  
And bosom of a widow.

O Widow wilt thou let me in,  
I'm pawky, wife, and thrifty,  
And come of a right gentil kin,  
I'm little mair than fifty.  
Daft carle, dit your mouth,  
What signifies how pawky,  
Or goude born ye be,——but youth,  
In love you're but a gawkie.

Then widow let these guineas speak,  
That powerfully plead clink in,  
And if they fail my mouth I'll stek,  
And nae mair love will think on.  
These court, indeed I main confess,  
I think they make you young, sir,  
And ten times better can express,  
Affection, than your tongue sir.